THE

Life of 41.

Saint Mary

of Egypt.

THE Imperial Throne when Teodocious held,
In Palestine an holy Hermit dwell'd,
Whose shining virtues and extensive fame,
The World astonished, Zosimus his name,
Sequester'd thus for fifty Years and three,
To sanctify his pious Life was he,
When wrap'd in thought he ask'd himself was there,
A Man on Earth more Rigid and Austere;
But God to manifest the Serpents cheat,
And cure the Hermit of his vain conceit,
Directed Zosimus where he should go,
In search of that which yet he did not know:
To Jordens Banks by God's appointment thus,
For Life exiled in our great Zosimus,
It was there he found the School of virtue taught,
And self denial to perfection brought,
In this retreat he found and not till then,
Incarnate Angels in the place of Men,
Who with Mankind no more commerce enjoy'd
Than if they were of Flesh Blood devoid,
Here manual labour sanctified by Prayer,
And Bread and Water was the Hermits fare,
Perpetual visits blest'd with Heavenly Song,
By turn's were bless'd by this good Heaven bred throng,
Prepared like Saints departing Life confest,
Absolved and with the Host of Heaven were blest,
Those meagre monks by annual custom went,
Across the Jordan once a Year in Lent,
And near Arabias dreary Deserts wept,
The fast of Lent 'till holy Thursday kept,

gainſt which times the Saints return'd to
Sing,
he Death and Trophies of their Heavenly
King,
uch diſtant wiles thoſe almoſt Spirits trod,
n Imitation of the Son of God.
n thoſe black Climes one Zoſimus eſpied,
naked creature and aſtonished cried,
n Chriſts great name be creature what you
may,
top, and this ſacred ſign, the Croſs obey,
he creature ſtood who fled a pace before,
nd ſaid I'm naked Zoſimus and ſore,
our mantle drop to skreen my furrow'd skin,
nother Eve am I, and ſtripe for ſin.
he Prieſt complied, convinced her knowledge
came,
rom Heaven ſince ſhe expreſs'd his chriſtian
name,
h Saints approached and after mutual Prayer,
ogether ſpoke devoid of further fear.
Zoſ. In God's bleſs'd name ſhall I conjure
you now,
o tell me your name, what brought you here
and how,
ong did'ſt thou Live in theſe vaſt deſarts say,
r is thy Skelliton compoſed of clay,
Mary. O Man of God how can thy ſervant
ſpeak,
ou'l fly from me as from a furious Snake,
s, when thy ear my dreadful ſtory know,
ur heart will tremble for my cauſe is woe,
guilt when you and black confeſſion hear,
ou'l wonder not at my expulſion here,
t wonder more that God did not expell,

The wretch you see [illegible] to the flames of Hell,
My flagrant guilt I shall however shew,
My Latent sores the Priest of God shall know,
Address the Lord for I am approaching death,
That I find mercy on the day of wrath,
My country is Egypt and my drink is tears,
My food is Sorrow and my Life is fears,
At the age of twelve without my Sires consent,
I sought misfortunes to Alexandria went,
When where alas my wicked course began,
For seventeen Years a prostitute to Man,
To gratify this sordid mass of dust,
For lucre not, but for unbridled lust,
Continued thus a profligate at large,
Till in my way God sent a sailing Barge,
I sought my passage, joined a faithful Band,
Together sailed to see the holy Land,
With no designs to celebrate with them,
The Cross exalted at Jerusalem,
My object was to multiply my guilt,
It was not the Cross whereon Christs Blood
was spilt,
To Church with those I went absorpt in Sin,
But cross the door I could not enter in,
By fearful force withheld I stood alas,
Often used my might but further could not
pass,
I sep'd aside said to myself within,
The cause of this Phenomenon is Sin,
I beat my breast and K[illegible]'d the ground in tears
When over my head the Queen of Heaven ap-
pears,
On whom I fixed my melting eyes and cry'd,
Where now shall I O Queen of Angels hide,
Here dost thou purest of all creatures see,

The Peſt of Life and dregs of Infamy,
Wilt thou O gracious Star my Soul befriend,
And unto Chriſt my ſorrows recommend,
Or may this Catiff through thy piety,
The ſacred word of Redemption ſee,
Henceforth in grief ſhall I my ſins reveal,
Till Death repent be thou my Heavenly bail,
A gleam ſerene becalm'd my troubled breaſt,
My Soul releived I cant deſcribe the reſt,
Roſe off the ground with ſtrenght unknown before,
With eaſe paſs'd through the late forbidden door,
Where trembling I beheld revered, admired,
The hall wed Tree where on my Chriſt expired,
I Kiſs'd the pavement and adored the Son,
Of God who died to ſave the world thereon,
The Infinite mercies of my God confeſt,
And thus the mother of my Chriſt addreſs'd,
Protect me Virgin and for ever be,
My leading Star, my guide and Surety,
Forſake me not, who brought me this releif,
And snatched my ſoul from everlaſting grief,
On which a voice thus whiſper'd to my mind,
The Jordon pass and you shall comfort find;
My heart was full, I cried & wept severe,
Mine eyes fixed on the Lady's Picture were;
Obey the voice in haste, went out and bought
Three Loaves, which I to make my journey brought;
That night arrived at Jordon's banks, and lay
Fatigue upon a naked bed of clay,
Which brought this comfort to my troubled breast,
My Christ vouchsafed on such a bed to rest,

Next morning in the parish church confest,
And then receive the heavenly Eucharist.
I pass'd the Jordon and in this retreat,
Did since and will the coal of Christ await,
Nor have I seen a human face till you,
Come by the Lord my comfort renew.

Zosimus. How long didst thou in these black Regions dwell?
Or what secrets, O wond'rous Woman tell!

Mary. Near fifty years, the number wants but two.
My food was such as in those Deserts grew;
For want of clothes, my bones have pierced my skin,
A small redemption for a life of sin,
The most of which deserves eternal death,
But hope's my comfort, and I live by faith.

Zosimus. And has thy Soul been all this time at ease,
From all the attacks of sinister disease?

Mary. You make me tremble when I recollect
The various evils that my Soul attatcked.
Perpetual conflicts of the purest kind,
For seventeen years harrassed my wicked mind
The Flesh pots and the wine of Egypt brought
Regretful pictures to my fullied thought,
Whereas for want of common water, I
Was often in danger to give up and die;
For these I wept, my troubled breast I struck,
And called to mind the solemn vows I took;
I bruised my bones, my flesh was hardly skin,
To kill the serpent of the flesh within;
My vows renew'd address'd the Virgin still,
To obtain my pardon, and correct my will;
Near twenty years affliction thus I found,

My Soul enlightened, and my comfort found.
Zosimus. You have quoted scripture, sure you must have read,
never did the human angel said.
Zosimus. How comes such knowledge of reveal'd truths?
Didst thou receive his doctrine in thy youth?
Mary 'Tis God (says she) that teacheth man indeed,
You see the school where I have learn'd my creed
You have heard my tragic tale, the secret keep
Untill my carcase in oblivio sleep,
Allow this wretch, O Zosimus, a share
In your devotions, and propitious prayer.
On Maunday Thursday of God's ensuing year
At Jordon's neither bank once more appear,
When I expect, thro' Providence to see
The bread of life which you will break for me.
Her leave she took, he knelt & where she trod,
He kiss'd the Ground and wept and pray'd to God,
On Maunday, Thursday of the ensuing Year,
The Saints at Jordan as they fixt appear,
And on both sides of that vast River stood,
When Mary walked upon the rapid flood,
Yes, on the stream as it on solid land,
To embrace the Lord she past, Christ held her hand
Then Heavenly Lauds the Saints pure joys expres'd
When she received the glorious Eucharist,
Her hands to heaven her voice in tears she raised,
Adored be God my great Redeemer praised,
Now don thou let pursuant to thy word,

Thy ſervant go my eyes have ſeen the Lord,
To Zoſimus gave thanks, and as ſhe went,
Engaged to meet next enſuing Lent,
That where he firſt the wandering Pilrim
found,
He'd find her next on that ſame ſpot of ground
At which the St. embarked on the open ſtream
And juſt repaſs'd the torrent as ſhe came,
The Hermit did as he had done before,
Found Mary was as the adage ſays no more,
For on that ſpot her Corp- lay Cold when ſhe
Againſt the appointed time ſhould really be,
And on her face in Bright characters lay,
Her chriſtian name and laſt departing day,
The Lord revealed the Inacurate Angels name
And brought his St. to evidence the ſame,
The Lion even his aſſiſtance gave,
And with his Claws dig up a ſpacious Grave,
Wherein the Pilgrim penitent was laid,
Whilſt Zos. the Funeral office laid,
Back to his Cell good Zos. repaired,
And told his brethren all that interfered,
This Heavenly courſe of Life purſued and then,
An hundred Years of age took leave of Men,
St. MARY.

P. S. *At twelve ſhe fell for ſeventeen Years aſtray*
And forty ſeven wiped all her ſins away.

Pray for the Writer.

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